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VOL. XVIII.

No. V.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,  
CONDUCTED  
BY THE  
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens gratia inunct, nomen laudisque YALENSE  
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XVIII.

APRIL, 1853.

No. V.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '53.

A. GROUT,

O. T. LEWIS,

G. A. JOHNSON,

B. K. PHELPS,

A. D. WHITE.

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The Chief Worth of our Revolution.

THE war of '76 was not instigated by a desire for greater liberties than the English people enjoyed. It began in the denial of our claim for equal privileges with our transatlantic brethren. It was waged for negative rights rather than positive acquisitions.

Principles of no ordinary kind were at stake. They involved not only the proprietorship of property, but the safety of life. They were regarded as the very pillars of the English constitution. When they were denied to us, our dernier resort was war. We succeeded in obtaining them. In this good fortune, may be traced the *chief worth* of our revolution.

What were these abnegated principles? England claimed the right to tax us, without the condition of representation. First, she passed the Stamp Act. Afterward, she imposed "certain duties on glass, white and red lead, painter's colors, tea, and paper imported into the colonies." We did not refuse obedience to these laws, on account of the paltry sum of money required. A principle of the greatest consequence was involved. Had we paid these duties, we would have established a precedent. Appeal could have been made to it, to justify greater exactions. If England had the right to demand a hundred dollars without the condition of representation, she had an equal right to demand a hundred millions. Therefore we went to war. We fought against Englishmen from a love for the English constitution. We gained a principle which involved the security of all property in the Colonies.

England violated another great right. We gained another great victory. The Declaration of Independence reproaches the King of Great Britain "For depriving us of the trial by jury; for transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses." No American will question the authority of that immortal instrument. Is it urged in extenuation that these acts of gross tyranny were few? The Declaration says that they were many. Moreover, had George III the right thus to maltreat one of his English subjects, he could justify like measures toward our entire nation. That was a noble response of Solon, when asked, "What is the best popular government?" He replied, "Where a wrong done to the meanest subject is an insult on the whole Constitution." The trial by jury, since our revolution, has been sacred. We have gained a principle, which takes cognizance of our highest rights. It has jurisdiction over life itself.

These victories, *no taxation without representation, and the trial by jury*, constitute the *chief worth* of our revolution.

We did not go to war against the English Constitution. We loved it. We had been born under it. Nay, we were willing to die under it. We regarded it as decidedly in advance of all other fundamental laws. We claimed kindred with its founders and expositors, from Alfred the Great to "Coke on Littleton." We claimed kindred with its defenders too, "the village Hampden," and "Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood." We waged the war of revolution, because we were *denied* the English constitution; because we were deprived of the sacred rights of Englishmen.

Let us here conceive how our sires thought and felt, when they received the first tidings of these aggressions. Are we not English subjects? If so, we are entitled to their rights. No monarch, whether Plantagenet, Tudor, or Stuart, ever openly proclaimed that the constitution empowered him to tax his subjects, without the condition of representation. He may have levied benevolences, but the very term implies that obedience was optional. The monarch had no right to demand.

Is it said that Charles I is an exception to this rule? He did claim the ship-money, but he paid the penalty. He was beheaded on Tower Hill. Will George III attempt again the comedy of the Stuart? Then, God of our sires, let him play again his tragedy!

But he has not deprived us of representation only. He has trampled on that first principle of liberty, the trial by jury. He has spurned from him Magna Charta, hallowed to us by the lapse of centuries. He has repudiated Habeas Corpus, which infused a new vitality into Magna Charta. He is determined to act the Stuart, from the claim of ship-

money, to the attempt at the seizure of Hampden, Pym, and Hollis, in the House of Commons.

Perhaps he has forgotten our birthright, our Anglo-Saxon lineage. Perhaps he regards us as slaves. Then we will teach him, that we are no hirelings, but sons; sons of the sires that fell in death at Marston Moor, and at Naseby.

Suppose that George III had attempted these aggressions in England. The throbbings of the whole national heart would have been heard. The drums would have sounded from the isle of Wight to the Cheviot Hills. A second Hampden would have spread his banner, inscribed with "Nulla Vestigia Retrorsum." It would have been as when the Fallen Archangel spoke to his legions:

"He spake; and to confirm his words, out flew  
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty cherubim."

Such thoughts, such feelings, stirred the worthies of '76.

George III was now far advanced in life. The wealth of the British Empire lay at his feet. Attendants, with winged haste, anticipated and supplied all his wants. Like to Belshazzar, he ate and drank, dreaming little of harm.

But suddenly his cup of pleasure was dashed. He was seized with a strange malady. The public mind was kept in suspense. At length the truth was made known. He had played the comedy, and now the tragedy was at hand. He did not, like to Charles I, lay his head on the block. But the scourge of God smote his mind. He became mentally impotent. He went out not knowing whither he went. Moreover, he lost his thirteen colonies. With prophetic knowledge, therefore, did Patrick Henry exclaim in the Virginia House of Burgesses, "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell, and George III ——— may profit by their example." No taxation without representation, and the trial by jury, constitute the chief worth of our revolution. Other benefits of minor importance have resulted. We have not only secured *negative* rights; we have made *positive* acquisitions. They may be read in the Constitution of the United States.

God grant perpetuity to this, our second Magna Charta! If once its pillars are thrown down, who shall be the architects to raise them again? Where shall we find heroes in action, like to the sires of '76? Should the day of such demolition come, then we may despair for freedom. Her last sanctuary will be destroyed. She will perish amid its ruins.

G. A. J.

### Song.

FAR o'er the wide blue sea  
Green islands lie,  
Where blow the breezes free  
Sweet odors by.  
There flowers of beauty rare  
Spread their perfume,  
And all the bright and fair  
There ever bloom.

Yet on that distant isle,  
Far o'er the sea,  
Though all around should smile,  
Peace might not be.  
Peace may within thy breast  
As sweetly stay,  
When thou at home dost rest,  
As when away.

In no one place alone  
Dwells sweet content,  
Though o'er the world you roam  
On its search bent.  
In humble cot you'll find  
Oft 'twill abide,  
While thrones from peace of mind  
Are far aside.

J. K. L.

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### Central America.

THERE is a wise provision of Nature, that all her subjects bear the evidences of their own history. No change occurs without giving them a legible and lasting impression of it. Trees have their age recorded in concentric circles. Channels, grooved in the solid rock, tell how long the stream has flowed over it. Earthy formations—maintaining their silent, yet constant progress,—shutting in their stony bosoms, evidences of a strange humanity of which we have no living record—are facts from which we may learn, with reasonable exactness, the features of the world's

history; what ages have rolled over us, what phenomena have operated, what races have existed. There is no limit to this self-registration. The law of nature is universal and invariable. Isolated subjects may be found to which it seems inapplicable; but the apparent incongruity rises not from the law's failure, but from our incapacity to discover its relations to the subjects.

Races of men are governed by an essentially analogous law. They leave in their march, unwritten evidences of their character—monuments, pyramids, hieroglyphs—from which we may determine the prominent features of their history. The races of Ancient America afford an excellent illustration of this. We know not even the centuries in which they flourished. The names of their great and wise men, the forms of their government, society and religion have all been darkened together. A few fragments of their labor, which the raven's wing has not yet desolated, are the only histories that are left us. Yet these fragments are sufficient evidences that this Continent was once cultivated by an extended people highly civilized, and eminently religious.

Recent researches in Central America have brought to light many curious memorials, which can be explained only by the supposition that they are the last remnants of a powerful Empire. Temples and altars, rivaling those of the old Roman idolators, architraves and finely cut columns, obelisks covered with sculptured images and medallion tablets, paintings in fresco still fresh and beautiful, appear scattered, here and there, over the vast country, some buried in the earth, and some in the midst of thick forests. These works must have existed here before the Aborigines gained a foothold on the Continent. For there is nothing in the known history or character of these barbarous tribes, which would justify their claim to structures so magnificent as some of these must have been—or to works of art, of which they, so far as we know, were wholly ignorant. There must then, have been some race here before them. But the curious man will ask, how long before? A few circumstances will give us a conception of the antiquity of this unrecorded race. When we look at historical ages, we perceive that new people must become settled and prosperous before they can cultivate the arts. They must then become highly luxurious before indulging them in any degree of magnificence. To pass these two stages—from the first settlement to prosperity, and from prosperity to luxury—requires the toil of centuries. But here we find specimens of art which appear wonderful to us, and only comparable with the lost arts of the Egyptians. And when we add that above these ruins forests have been growing a thousand years, it will not be incredible to suppose that an empire was flourishing here before David reigned over



the twelve tribes of Israel or that it was destroyed by some fatal cause, before Octavius spread his conquests over the civilized world.

We venture a few conjectures on the character of the lost race. They were *highly civilized*. The arts are signs of cultivated life; the fine arts, of a high degree of cultivation. These must have been long and diligently practiced among them—genius and skill must have united in their works, to render them so perfect that their beauty should be visible in the broken ruins. Their architecture, of which a few specimens remain, especially indicates cultivated habits and refined tastes.

They paid *peculiar attention to religion*. We infer this from the structure of their temples, which appear to have been the most elaborate and enduring of all their edifices. But their religion was idolatrous. A small golden idol was found, not long since, among the ruins of the great temple at Palenque. This, added to the evidence of a few partially deciphered hieroglyphics, makes the inference reasonably certain. That the idea of luxury was an element in their religion appears from the decorations of their altars and the grace of their sacred architecture.

But evidences of this kind are entirely circumstantial. Still curiosity must be satisfied with them, till more definite discoveries are made. We may reasonably expect that when the attention of archeologists shall be turned in earnest to the antiquities of our Continent, new facts will appear, and a more definite history will be wrought out of them. The light which recent discoveries have thrown on the ancient history of Nineveh, encourage the belief that similar research might bring out here some fresh landmarks of the old time. But we must rest on imperfect conjecture till another Layard devotes a life to the task. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to reflect on what scenes may have transpired here—what hopes may have been realized, and what plans may have triumphed. Swains may have turned the rude soil, and cheered their labor with songs of their love. Poets may have chanted their lays beneath the cypress trees, and hoped for immortality. Philosophers may have bowed under venerated systems, and patriots may have toiled and suffered like martyrs. Yet the dynasties rolled on till the Empire rose, culminated and decayed. Conceits which animate and encourage us, gave to them all the vain assurance of an immortal history. They attempted to fortify their fame with massive altars, built in the shadow of cedar groves, and with enduring temples adorned with symbols of their faith. They cherished vain illusions. The cedars still grow above their relics;—a few desecrated altars, a few mouldering columns;—but their names are blotted out forever. They did not trust in God who loves just men and will not cast down those who trust in Him.

D. A. G.

## Public Monuments.

INSTITUTIONS and customs which are universal as respects both time and place, may reasonably be supposed to have a foundation in the principles of human nature. Local and temporary causes produce limited and transient effects, but observances cherished among all nations, and in every age, spring from one common root, equally extensive, and are as fountains fed from the same subterranean stream.

Prominent among these universal customs is that of showing honor to the dead. By its unvarying prevalence this practice proves itself to have its source in human nature, and to be native to the human soul. How refined and elevating, how consonant with each noble impulse of the man, is that attachment by which our hearts are bound to the loved and lost!

We cherish their memory as a sacred treasure in our heart of hearts, and seek to console our "widowed affections" by heaping honors upon the lifeless dust with which was once associated so much delight. Whether viewed as a natural impulse, or judged at the tribunal of enlightened reason, that feeling meets with a ready approval, which in the solemn rites of sepulture, or by the sculptured monument, seeks to testify the strength of surviving friendship, or to perpetuate the memory of the departed.

There is, however, another manifestation of the same sentiment, which has not received universal approbation, and that is the public honors bestowed upon those who as eminent scholars, wise statesmen, or victorious warriors, have promoted a nation's welfare, or added to its renown. While readily acknowledging the propriety of testimonials to private worth, and of tokens of personal attachment, many are found who object to like observances, when a nation has become the mourner, and public sorrow would manifest itself in public signs of bereavement. If rightly examined, however, sepulchral honors, both public and private, whether offered by a nation or a family, will be seen to rest upon the same foundation, and to find justification in the same sentiment. Public monuments to the illustrious dead, viewed either in the "calm light of mild philosophy," or upon the simple score of justice, will find ample support in reason. But to take still lower ground, and considering the system as forming an element of national policy, they will appear by no means vain or useless. The memories of its great and good men, form a nation's richest treasure and brightest ornaments; their examples are its most

forcible instructors. Whatever tends therefore to perpetuate these memories, or to give prominence to these examples, should be valued as a powerful promoter of national improvement.

Such are the natural effects of public monuments, and therefore do they commend themselves to our approval. Let cold utilitarians prate of the worthlessness of such offerings, and tell how insensible to all praise is the lifeless clod beneath. Such cavilings are futile, for it is not the profit of the dead, but the improvement of the living, which is herein sought. These beholding the ever-present memorials of departed worthies, will learn to copy their examples, and to emulate their virtues. Though dead, they yet speak, for "the tomb of a good man may supply the want of his presence, and veneration for his memory produce the same effect as imitation of his life." Thus public monuments become by association with those whom they commemorate, public instructors and schools of the national mind. In solemn tone they seem ever to rehearse the worthy deeds of those whose dust rests beneath, and with uplifted finger to point out to others the same path to glory which they trod. As the study of the lives of great men is universally esteemed, a powerful incentive to honorable conduct, so do public monuments serve in a still higher degree the same end.

If in reading the recorded exploits of ancient heroes we feel a kindling of generous emotions, and a momentary aspiration after their worth and their reward, how must the susceptible mind be animated with a noble ambition in contemplating not by occasional perusal, but in a remembrance excited by continual observation, the wise counsel and brave deeds of departed sages and warriors, and when even their sculptured forms seem to enforce their own instructions. Who could, without emotion, behold these memorials, or stand unmoved upon the consecrated spot—

"Where speaking marbles show

What worthier form the hallowed mould below,  
Proud names who once the reins of empire held,  
In arms who triumphed or in arts excelled,  
Chiefs graced with scars and prodigal of blood,  
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood,  
Just men by whom impartial laws were given,  
And saints who taught and led the way to heaven!"

Thus do public monuments erected by a people to perpetuate the memory of its benefactors, appear connected with great political advantages, since they tend to give prominence to examples and increased power to precepts which, rightly improved, will, in a high degree, promote national virtue and prosperity.

But, further, monumental edifices exercise a powerful influence in the promotion of patriotism, and in this view, also, should form a part of a wise system of national policy. The sentiment of attachment by which men are bound to those spots where rests the dust of departed friends is both natural and powerful. Nations as well as individuals, acknowledge its influence and yield to its sway. Even roving tribes of savages, upon whose regard no locality could seem able to maintain a hold, confess a patriotic attachment to that spot which is hallowed by the bones of their ancestors. Thus a nation which is continually reminded by these sepulchral memorials that the soil on which it treads is rendered sacred by the ashes of its benefactors and heroes, will be inspired with a still stronger affection toward it, and will exhibit in its defense a more unyielding courage. In ancient times, Athens observed the power of this principle, and employed it not ineffectually for the promotion of her interests. Hence, in training her youth for citizenship, the state made it a primary object to keep before their eyes the memorials of those who in former periods had by wise counsels or invincible courage, merited the title of public benefactors, to which she might point and say,

"This the reward which grateful Athens gives;  
Here still the patriot and the hero lives;  
Here let the rising age with rapture gaze,  
And emulate the glorious deeds they praise."

The influence of such a system may well have been deemed powerful, for what citizen could stand in her midst, and while beholding on either hand in the cloud-capped pillar, the stately edifice, or the marble form, almost instinct with life, the mementoes of the valor of his ancestors, yet not feel a fresh glow of patriotism and a renewed determination never to prove himself unworthy of his inheritance. And when her great orator, rising to the utmost height of sublime eloquence, as he uttered that mighty oath, swore by the illustrious dead who rested beneath her PUBLIC MONUMENTS, how must each Athenian heart have beat high with courage, while the firm look and the flashing eye spoke defiance to every foe!

By these and similar considerations, are made manifest the *utility* of sepulchral honors offered by a nation to the memory of its benefactors and ornaments. But such a view of the subject is by no means the highest or most interesting that may be taken. The system rests upon other grounds than considerations of public policy, and gives rise to higher and more useful influences than even devotion to the general weal. Public monuments in commemoration of great men and mighty events, tend powerfully to perpetuate and enforce great ideas and principles. The

spirit of the mighty deeds which gave them origin, seems ever to cluster around them and to be communicated with irresistible force to the heart of every spectator. They lift us for a moment above the narrow circle of our daily thoughts and link us to the ages past, by a common admiration for noble sentiments and heroic achievements. Thus do the great ideas from which they rose live with them and become impressed upon the hearts of succeeding generations. Who can stand before that lofty column which marks the spot where our revolutionary struggle first began, and not feel the heroic spirit of those times thrilling his breast and animating him with a fresh devotion to their immortal principles? Or, as future generations shall gaze upon the proud monument which will stand through coming time as the token of a nation's gratitude to its founder, and in recollection dwell upon his life until in imagination they

———"call from the dust  
The sleeping hero,"

how can they but be inspired with his own great ideas and sublime sentiments?

Further, considered as the just rewards of public benefactors, national monuments find ample justification and a ready approval. Too often is it seen that those who, by commanding talents and self-sacrificing toils, have conferred glory upon their country or lasting benefit upon mankind, pass away unappreciated and unhonored. Thenceforward, indeed, no praises can reach their ears, no honors rejoice their hearts. No resource remains to a nation repenting of former neglect and ingratitude, save to consecrate their memories and to perpetuate their fame. Such late testimonials of public esteem serve also as incentives to others who are now suffering similar neglect, by showing that they who devote themselves to their country's good, shall not, in the end, want that country's gratitude. They speak in tones of encouragement to those who, amid the rage of party strife, themselves, perhaps, the objects of relentless enmity, yet pursue the path of duty, and assure them that when they lie mouldering in the dust, beyond the reach alike of friend and foe, their names will be vindicated, and that their fame, then cleared of each obscuring cloud, will shine forth in effulgent beauty and be perpetuated with growing lustre to the end of time.

If compared with that custom as universal as it is of unquestioned propriety which prompts the mourner to erect the private memorial of friendship at the tomb of departed worth, the institution now being considered will be found to merit equal commendation. As every human heart responds in cordial sympathy to that sentiment which rears the

token of bereaved affection at the grave of lost kindred; well may a people honor the dust of those whose affections embraced their country and taught them to regard the race as brethren. If even the simple monument of the humble villager speaks movingly to each nobler feeling of the soul, and demands from us, not vainly, "the passing tribute of a sigh," why should not the lofty column, the stately pile, or the "featured stone," mark the last resting place of those who, by their talents and their toils, rendered illustrious their age and conferred honor upon humanity?

In addition to the considerations already presented, the refinement of feeling and the healthful moral influences, promoted by the system now advocated, might be urged as a ground for its support. Thus do public monuments, whether viewed in the light of philosophy, or judged by the standard of utility, appear worthy of regard, and find both in reason and the affections a firm foundation. To the American people especially, at the present time, are these considerations invested with peculiar interest. Three new made graves hold the remains of their most valued counselors and guides, while a mourning nation is inquiring amid bitter lamentations, how best to honor their memories and profit by their examples. Their names, indeed, depend not upon such aid for immortality, for they will "still live" when storied urns have crumbled to dust, and the sinking granite shall refuse longer to bear testimony to their matchless worth.

C. G. M.

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### Tired of Waiting.

*"There! waiting for me on the other shore!"*

Lies, Brother! angel tones are falling  
Soft upon my watchful ear,  
Heavenly messengers are calling  
In melodious notes, and clear.  
Look! beyond the swelling river,  
On that green delightful shore,  
They are waiting to deliver,  
And conduct me safely o'er.

See! *she* is there among them waiting,  
Reaching forth to me her hand,  
Now no longer hesitating,  
Haste I to that Summer land.

Now no longer stand I listening  
That loved voice to hear once more;  
She is there, in white robes glistening,  
Waiting on the other shore.

Runs, O Death, thy current coldly,  
Strikes it to the heart a chill!  
Yet the wave I enter boldly,  
In the valley fear no ill.  
Those I loved are there to greet me,  
Who have passed the stream before;  
Stay me not, *she* waits to meet me  
There! upon the other shore.

L

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### Sleepy Hollow.

A PLACE that has been touched by the magic "pen of a ready writer," the scene of stirring history, or of glowing fiction, can hardly fail to awaken interest even in the most unromantic mind. However destitute in itself of any peculiar attractions the spot may be, yet the associations thrown about it, and the immortality bequeathed it by the power of genius, will always impart a charm, which, though borrowed, will be lasting. And even though the scene possess a more than moderate share of native beauty, we almost lose sight of this in our eager interest, while striving to identify each mute memorial made classic by the thrilling pen.

The region about Sleepy Hollow is endowed with no common degree of beauty; the scenery possessing all the diversity of a rolling country; cozy vales shut in by wooded slopes or rugged cliffs; shaded brooks and noisy streams winding their way through forest and meadow to the noble Hudson; while an extensive prospect of the river, at this point three miles wide, and the blue hills rising beyond, unite in a picture of summer beauty rarely surpassed. The Hollow itself is a charming, romantic ravine, beguiling the traveler with its air of listless repose and unbroken tranquillity; the towering hills on either hand, debar its quiet residents from all prospect of the river and the outer world, and doubtless from their characteristic qualities, no less than the drowsy influence of the glen, is the epithet 'Sleepy' applied. Well do we remember our first invasion of the stillness of this quiet nook; how eagerly we recognized objects made familiar by Irving's inimitable legend. True, the old Dutch cottages

that long ago lay snugly ensconced under tall forest trees, with their gardens of cabbages, have been supplanted by more modern habitations, with the unfailing potatoe-patch. But with Nature, time has worked no changes. We come to the little babbling brook, on whose grassy bank, when school was done, Ichabod was wont to recline; poring till twilight over Cotton Mather's wonders, and laying in a store of mysterious tales to entertain the old Dutch wives around the cheerful evening fire. We readily mark the site of the log school-house, where, enthroned in awful state, the pedagogue, day by day, faithfully administered discipline, mental and corporeal, to the youthful Dutchmen; who, if their successors do not belie them, must have been as promising a set of dunder-headed ignoramuses, as ever thumbed a horn-book, or tasted birch. And as we tread the road that he was wont to pursue, when repairing in the dim, dusky twilight, to the farm-houses of the valley, to partake of their hospitable cheer, or, when late at night, with a mind ill at ease, and hair on end, he wended his lonely way home; we can almost hear ringing yet, the last vibrations of the psalms he so melodiously intoned, as a charm against the terrors of the night and the phantoms of darkness. Yet, "in despite of the devil and all his works," according to his biographer, "he would here have passed a pleasant life of it, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man, than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was a woman."

Two miles below the 'Hollow,' on the banks of the Hudson, "in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers were so fond of nestling," is situated a noble mansion of the olden days; its romantic peaks, and gables, and turrets, scarcely seen through the luxuriant ivy that overruns it, bespeak its ancient Dutch origin. In the legend this is known as the residence of old Baltus Van Tassel, whose daughter, the fair Katrina, by her beauty, vast expectations and coquetish freaks, worked sad mischief with Ichabod's soft heart. Here, too, occurred the famous quilting party, the festivities of which are so glowingly described in the tale, and which was the immediate precursor of the pedagogue's final disappearance from the haunts of Sleepy Hollow. This old mansion is now the abode of Washington Irving. He calls it 'Sunnyside,' as it appears to us, on the 'lucus a non lucendo' principle, as the dense foliage of the overhanging trees excludes all but a few stray beams of sunshine.

The rich ivy that now clings to the walls and buttresses of the house, was brought by his own hands, as a precious treasure, from the ruins of Melrose Abbey; and while it has grown up from a stunted slip, and



climbed over the old gables, and clothed the moss-covered roof with its luxuriant foliage, we may imagine that its owner has lovingly watched it, as a memento of Scott; while we and after generations may see a beautiful type of the undying fame of both, in its perennial verdure, which neither the blasts of winter or the summer heat can ever wither.

Well, after the hilarity of the evening, and at the conclusion of an interview with the blooming maiden, in which Ichabod received the 'mitten,' with a rueful countenance and a sad heart, he sets out for home; now and then touching up his trusty steed as he passes some dark grove, and whining psalm tunes with a solemn twang, to keep dull care, as well as mysterious sights and sounds, away. He nears the tall tree in the vicinity of which the unfortunate Andre was captured, is waylaid by the 'headless horseman,' and runs with him a race for dear life; until, panting and blowing, he reaches the dark stream that winds around the green knoll where stands the little white church. Here we have the final catastrophe; the dislodged head of the Hessian trooper encounters the cranium of Ichabod, and both the Yankee and his ghostly competitor forever disappear from mortal ken. The poor pedagogue's only memorial is, the riderless nag, a shattered pumpkin found upon the bridge, and the knowing winks of his rival Brom Bones, as he led the blushing Katrina to the hymeneal altar.

The little stone church, within sight of whose white-washed walls the last act of this drama was played, is the oldest in the State of New York. A slab upon its time-honored front informs us, that it was erected by Vredryck Flypsen (Frederick Phillips) and Katharine, his wife, in 1699. In the tower hangs the old bell, brought from Holland, bearing the inscription—"SI. DEUS. PRO. NOBIS. QUIB. CONTRA. NOS. 1685."

The interior has been remodeled, not by the vandal hand of modern improvement, but by the partial touch of necessary repair; the old altar table, imported from Holland, an antique structure of massive oak, still retains its place; and the sacramental plate, used by the earliest settlers, their descendants are yet proud to show. Nothing can be more charming than the sequestered situation of this church, apart from the dwellings of men, and on the confines of the forest. "Its decent white-washed walls shine modestly forth from the shade of locust trees and lofty elms; and a gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught of the blue hills of the Hudson." The green knoll on which it stands, is dotted by a thousand tombstones, telling the virtues of a sturdy race that have long since laid them down to rest in this quiet spot:—the worthy old

Dutch farmers and their frugal Fraus. A very casual perusal of the epitaphs is sufficient to reveal to us the fact, that these ancient inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow had early developed a remarkable poetic gift. Witness the following :

The mother is gone and the babe left behind,  
May it truly be said that the father proved kind.

And again :—

Farewell dear companion, do be kind  
To the lovely babe I leave behind.  
My debts I've paid : my grave you see,  
Prepare for death and follow me.

No doubt a careful search would disclose many more of a similar style and sentiment. How could a widowed Dutchman with a human heart in his bosom, after reading so touching an appeal to his parental affection, but be a kind father, even though the lovely babe were the perfect embodiment of stupidity and ugliness ! And that gentle hint, " My debts I've paid," how must it urge every owing sinner to go and do likewise !

We cannot pass with so slight a notice, a spot that marks an important and sad event in our revolutionary struggle. Give us your company, and we will for a moment retrace our steps, to the brook that bears the name of the unfortunate Andre. It is a noisy little stream, that comes murmuring down its stony bed, from the heights above, and crosses the dusty road, with its cool waters to refresh the passing traveler ; then making a beautiful bend around a green lawn, winds away from view in a grove of tall trees. Here upon its bank stand three scions of the lofty tulip tree, that overshadowed the scene, when the stern fate of war made the talented young officer the prisoner of his enemies. Often, in that hour that seems made for reflection, while the soft calm of twilight stills the spirits, and the glory of the summer sunset yet lingering on the distant hills imparts a mellow radiance to sky and river, we have walked that classic ground, and pondered over those thrilling events. Stirring and momentous scenes arise before the mind ; and as thought calls up the traitor Arnold forever gibbeted to fame, Andre, the youthful expiator of another's treachery, and the heroic captors, whose love for a struggling country was proof against an offered fortune, indignation, pity, admiration, now united, now in turn predominant, chain us to the spot. And if, thus musing, we heave a compassionate sigh for the untimely fate of a brave foe, we cast no imputation upon the motives of Washington, whose pitying tears fell fast upon the warrant, which the rules of war obliged him to sign.

This soil no drop of blood has moistened; between the scene of Andre's capture, and the place of his execution, the Hudson rolls its broad stream: yet this brook the schoolboy cannot pass by night, without a shudder. If thus the memory of John Andre can strike a superstitious dread into the innocent mind of childhood, it must have gnawed like a canker at the heart of the outcast Arnold, and with whispered words of bitter accusation have pursued him to his grave.

O. E. C.

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### Rustication Reminiscences.

#### MY FIRST DAY.

"I HAVE been told that you occasionally take a boarder, and I am very anxious to remain here for a short time. Could you accommodate me?"

"I suppose we could, sir. I will call mother."

The above colloquy, Messrs. Editors, took place at the door of a little cottage, in a quiet village not *quite* a thousand miles from the office of publication. The parties were the pretty daughter of the occupant, and your humble contributor; the latter of whom was now preparing himself for extra exertions before the mother, stimulated in all probability, by the smiles bestowed upon him by the daughter. Soon both appear, the mother in the van, and the following conversation takes place:

"My daughter says you wish for board. Do you want a room to remain in, or will you be out during the day?"

"Oh! certainly, I have a great deal of study to do for the next month at least, and should require a room."

I saw a smile come over the matron's face, and was reminded that speaking of study was calculated to imply that I was (or rather had been and hoped to be again) a student, and as I cast my eyes down to gain some expedient, I saw that the button of my coat had slipped through, and there in all the beauty of gold and enamel was my society's badge, which, from habit, I was wearing. This settled the matter.

"Since you require a room, I don't see how we can accommodate you, sir. But I think Squire D—— might be able to, for he often has boarders."

With thanks on my part for this information, and an accompanying description of the geographical position of Squire D.'s residence, we separated, the mother's countenance expressing high satisfaction with her tact in dis-

covering my being a student, while the daughter's showed that this discovery had evidently the opposite effect upon her estimate of my character, from what it had upon her mother's. And as she for a long time fruitlessly endeavored to shut the door, after her mother had gone in, I managed to find the same difficulty with the gate, during which manœuvering, we came to the understanding that if I failed elsewhere, I was to return and again apply, while she was to endeavor to arrange matters so that I might be received. Expressing the great obligations she would place me under by so doing, and having made my best bow, I moved off for the Squire's. I may as well mention that in a future conversation, (for I afterwards had the pleasure of her acquaintance,) she informed me that she knew I was a student when she first opened the door, although she could give no one reason for her opinion. So much for woman's intuition. I suppose the lines which thought and study have made upon my brow led her to recognize the student in me.

Obedying the directions given me, I soon found the house, and upon knocking was received by the Squire himself. I told him at once how I was situated and the object which brought me there. He declared himself willing to have me for a resident, if I liked his accommodations, provided his wife would consent, for if she didn't wish to take me, I couldn't come. He accordingly led me within to receive the decision of Mrs. D. She debated the question a long time before she decided, in order, I suppose, to make up her mind whether I was *likely* or not. She must have decided affirmatively, for she finally consented, and I was shown a bed-room, and a room below, where I might be unmolested in my studies. This last my landlady afterwards concluded I might as well have dispensed with, as she observed the books always remained in the same position that I had first given them, and that I was not in my room during the day, unless it was too stormy, or (as she expressed it) too *t tedious*, to be out; and never in the evening, "rain or shine."

We soon settled upon terms, since everything pleased me, in fact anything short of a jail would have suited, since I was as yet but a freshman in that part of college life, and not so skilled as I trust I have since become. So after a hearty meal I sat down to look at my prospects. They did not seem very bright, I must confess, and my present situation was far different from what my previous ideas had pictured as a rustication life. I supposed that it consisted in tramping through the woods with dog and gun, or following murmuring brooks in search for trout, and then coming home again to some little villa in a modern Tempe to partake of a farmer's cheer. Ideas of romantic walks in moonlight evenings also made the

picture pleasanter to look upon. But now being fairly domiciled how different everything appeared to me. I actually began to fear that I should have to study in self-defense against ennui. My landlady most probably suspected what was passing in my mind, and to cheer me, I suppose, proposed that I should go to the singing school of the choir, and said that her little boy Jimmy, who usually played upon the hinder part of the organ, would show me the way. I gladly seized the opportunity in hopes of meeting my fair friend of the morning. Jimmy soon ushered me up a crazy flight of stairs, and into an assembly of five young ladies and one gentleman, the bass singer. As he did not introduce me, and my friend was not there to recognize me, the same feeling came over me, as was experienced by the cat when she found herself in a strange garret. So I moved to one of the gallery windows, and busied myself looking out, with the most intense astronomical air. The bass had the toothache, so that he couldn't sing, and soon left; consequently the strange garret feeling increased. It seemed to affect the young ladies a little also. For although they all kept their eyes on the books, (that is when I looked around,) not a sound escaped their lips. The fair organist, after playing the air of the tune, and then commencing the accompaniment several times without the voices joining, cried out, "Why don't you sing, girls?" and then in a lower tone, "don't act foolish." What would have been her last recourse I do not know, but just as she seemed ready for something desperate, another young lady said to Jimmy in quite a loud tone of voice, "don't your friend sing, Jimmy?" Now Jimmy was but a step from her, yet the words reached even me, though doubtless unintentional on her part. Here was a chance for me, and I answered with my best bow; stating my utter inability to sing and also the great pleasure it gave me to hear ladies' voices. I however offered my services to take the candle which one young lady was holding for the benefit of "Organceda," and thus render myself useful. Now the candlestick consisted of a tin slab about twelve inches long, with ornamented edges, on the bottom of which was a platform from which the candle rose. In the top was a hole for the nail to enter when hung against the wall. I noticed that the young lady held it from this, and accordingly thrust my fore finger into the hole, but in so doing placed the nail of said digit directly over the flame of the "dipped." I instantly discovered that my finger nail did not possess all the properties of the one whose place it had usurped. And although it was extricated as quickly as possible, my agony was intense, which with its cause so amused Organceda that she was unable to play any longer, and the whole party seeing that practising was out of the question,

made preparations for leaving. I was the last one out, having waited to extinguish the candle which lighted them down stairs, and in consequence, was obliged to grope my own way step by step. Indeed I am not sure but what daylight would have found me there if I had not luckily discovered a few matches in my pocket, to show me the holes in the staircase. As I occupied so much time in making my exit, when I got fairly on terra firma, I could see nothing of the ladies, and accordingly commenced to beat the ground like a pointer. Once I thought I descried them, and walking up to a dilapidated gig, was actually about to offer my arm to the off wheel. But at last I discovered them by hearing a hearty laugh some distance down the road, which I have no doubt was caused by the idea of my feeling my way around the old church or perhaps being caught in one of its pit-falls. To show them that neither was the case, I hastened to join them, and we soon were engaged in a general conversation. For the benefit of those who may afterwards be similarly situated I will state that the most fruitful subjects were, first, "the weather," secondly, "music," in connection with which I contrived to express my disgust of city choirs, of introducing opera airs into church music, &c. The party was soon broken up by four of the young ladies reaching home, which I was glad to see was but a few yards from my own abode. Organceda was the only one left, and she advised me that as her home was so far off and reached by so circuitous a route that I had better not accompany her lest I should not be able to find my way home again. I informed her that the chief object for which I had come into the country was to gain fresh air and more exercise from walking, that I never yet had missed my way, and that of course the longer the way the more highly honored I should feel. I would no doubt be censured were I to disclose any of our conversation upon the way, and so will only state, that after the walk was finished, I was so fearful of not being able to find my way back, that she had to return with me the first time half the distance, before she thought it safe to let me attempt it alone. Notwithstanding all these precautions I met with one or two accidents on my way home, that is, stepped into several as deep mud holes as I ever sounded, and walked directly upon a cow that had retired for the night. I had my revenge on her however for being in my way, for one morning about a week afterwards she presented herself to her mistress for milking dressed in two pair of old linen pants and with a sham meerschaum in her mouth, which, being tied by a cord to one of her teeth, hung with the most careless grace imaginable. I was on the watch to enjoy the scene. As she stepped along it required no great effort of the imagination to suppose her breath puffing out upon the frosty air the gen-

vine fumes of the weed. So inspired was I by the sight, that I composed extempore another verse to "Floating away," which modesty compels me to omit. When I got home my landlady dispelled all the effects of these mishaps with a glass of hot —. But, Messrs. Editors, when a person's connection with college is broken off, is his connection with the class temperance society also destroyed? You may think differently from me, but I drank the — and went to bed.

I was only to give you a history of my first day, when I commenced, but do not think that a true idea of suspension life can be gained, unless I also add a clipping from my journal of the next day.

Sunday, 9th—I was awakened by what I supposed was the college prayer bell, and accordingly nearly got out of bed when I perceived that the sound seemed strange. I looked at my watch, and saw that it was 10 $\frac{1}{4}$  A. M. I then turned to the window and saw a crowd about the church door. Everything flashed upon my mind. I no longer saw things as through a glass, darkly, but was at once made aware of my true situation, and sinking back upon my pillow with a sigh of delight, I felt at peace with mankind, and full of heartfelt gratitude to the faculty at —. E.

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### To my Angel Sister.

I miss thee, gentle sister, in thy sweet and quiet home,—  
 Thy beaming eye and joyous smile, thy kind and soothing tone:  
 Thou com'st not now to greet me with affection's fond caress,  
 My aching head to pillow, and my mourning heart to bless.  
 I clasp thy fond resemblance, and from it, I fain would seek  
 The gentle pressure of thy hand, thy warm breath on my cheek;  
 But the gaze, so calm and holy, bids me low in reverence bow,  
 And worship with thy spirit, for thou art an angel now!

I miss thee, loving sister, when smiles the youthful god of day;  
 Thou hast with kisses wak'd me, to list the warbler's matin-lay;  
 My couch, with fresh cull'd flowers, hast thou in wild confusion strewn;  
 Bedeck'd my brow with leaflets of the bright and dewy dawn.  
 Methinks, the joyous songsters, as they flit from bough to bough,  
 A part of all my sadness feel, and sing less gayly now:  
 Thy cherished flow'rets bow their heads and weep at morn and even;  
 Methinks, 'tis to thy memory, for their tears are drops from heaven.

I miss thee, angel sister, at the sultry noontide hour,  
 Thy seat is lone and vacant, in our lov'd and fav'rite bow'r;  
 Though now, as then, the insect's hum is heard amid the heaths,  
 Aroma scents the skies, Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
 Though the streamlet glides still onward with its murmur'ing water low,  
 Yet a sadder tone it bears than when thine eye didst watch its flow.  
 Less radiant now the sun ;—a shadowy veil is o'er it spread ;—  
 A mourning tribute to thy loss, the loved and early-dead.

I miss thee, seraph sister, when the twilight shadows fall,  
 When night, o'er earth and sea, unfolds her dark and sable pall ;  
 Then mem'ry starts afresh, and shades the past with gloom and fear,  
 The heart cannot suppress its sigh, the eyelid, hide its tear.  
 At this dread hour, thy cherub child, so beautiful and fair,  
 Oft comes with sad and mournful tone, " Where is mother, where ?"  
 They say, she sleeps beneath the ground, by yon, lone willow tree,  
 And ne'er again will hear thy voice, nor little Ella see !

Methinks, my lov'd, lost sister, on her fair and youthful brow,  
 A bright resemblance of thy beauty's mirrored even now ;  
 That lustrous eye and heaven-lit smile, that soft and jetty hair,  
 In clustering ringlets decks her brow ;—for such thou used to wear ;—  
 Dost thou not, from thy star-lit throne, thy angel home above,  
 Oft gaze upon thy rosy child, with tenderness and love ?  
 May her, thy angel spirit watch, her pathway strew with flowers ;  
 And lead her to thy happy home, 'neath fair, Elysian bowers.

I miss thee, gentle sister, by thy loved companion's side :  
 Less cheerful now his manly brow, than when thou wast his bride ?  
 Or when within his happy home, all its cherished idols there,  
 Thou wast the summer of his sky, his bright and beauteous star.  
 I miss thee, in thy childhood's home, by thy mother's tearful eye ;  
 I miss thee, as I listen to thy father's deep-drawn sigh.—  
 Each other, then, as loved ones, ne'er again on earth we'll greet,  
 But in realms beyond the sky—in *paradise for aye*—we'll meet.     S. E. W.

### Royalism and Popular Liberty.

It has been often said that there is but one form of government, which is natural and which is adapted to the wants of society. It is said also still oftener, that popular forms of government are short-lived, and will ultimately yield to the universal sway of monarchy. With a view to ascertain how far these sentiments are true, we propose to consider :—



ROYALISM AND POPULAR LIBERTY, as being—each of them—natural and legitimate.

The fact of the existence of these opposite attributes of different governments is quite obvious. Indeed, the two forms of which Royalism and Popular Liberty are the essential characteristics, are the only recognized ones. Royalism prevails on the Eastern continent, and Popular Liberty on the Western, each, however, under various modifications. As much greater as are the dimensions of that Continent, so much more extensive and prevalent is Royalism than Popular Liberty.

Government in its beginning, in its inception, was very simple—the simplest possible. Afterwards it became more intricate, as it became more comprehensive, and provided for more important interests.

It resolves itself into three distinct forms, which have respectively succeeded each other and become predominant. Yet they have so run into one another, as to have existed at different epochs, side by side.

The Patriarchal form must have been the first. It was natural, it was instinctive, that the father should be at the head of his family. It was natural that families should form themselves into tribes for greater security and facility of intercourse. This form of government is still seen among those tribes which most resemble the original and primal society. But this was found to be so ill adapted to progressive society, that it was laid aside like a worn-out garment, and another more unexceptionable adopted.

The other two forms are, first, the Royal, including every form, where the supreme control is lodged in a central individual power; and secondly, the Popular form, where the power of the people is felt more directly. Both of these forms exist by compact. If the sovereignty is vested in a single individual, it is a compact between the ruling power and the people—a Reciprocal compact. But the Democratical and Republican governments are a compact between the people themselves—a mutual compact.

From these distinct and determinate forms have sprung the almost innumerable kinds and sorts of public administration with which the political aspect of nations has been diversified; just as the beautiful and pleasing variety of light and shade, which adorn the external world, originates from the different combinations of the three primary colors of the Solar Spectrum.

The characteristic features of the two last are, respectively, Royalism and Popular Liberty. The former, we believe, has already reached and passed the meridian of its strength. The latter has but just appeared

above the horizon, casting its benign and life-inspiring influence over the East.

Men are governed by the great law of Association. They cannot isolate, nor separate themselves from every other. Hence the formation of Townships. Townships are connected together by necessary intercourse, traffic, and commerce. Hence the formation of nations. But in all these there is implied some form of government. For, by our Constitution, we know there can be no national existence without it.

But the particular form of that government depends upon circumstances exterior to itself.

If the people are not intelligent enough to elect their own rulers, and determine what form of government they will have, others will do it for them—thence arises usurpation. Under other circumstances a little different, the people yield by the force of habit to whatever authority may have existed for some time previous. And then, again, in some critical emergency, the people confer the supreme command upon some individual, in order that he may extricate them from impending difficulties.

Thus Royalism has its origin. But to say that this is the exclusively natural characteristic, is to affirm that it is natural for men to be ignorant, whereas we know, from the inquisitive disposition of children, that it is not so. It is to affirm that *habit* is natural, whereas we know it is acquired.

But, on the other hand, when the people have an ordinary acquaintance with public affairs, and the relations which exist between themselves and between nations, *they* have uniformly determined what sort of government they will live under. And if there is connected with this, intelligence and virtue; and if they have in any way experienced *the rod of oppression*; there is but one form of government they have universally adopted. Popular Liberty has been the object sought, the object attained. The history of every Republic, which has ever had a being, furnishes facts corresponding with what we say.

It would be worth our while here to bestow a passing thought on the peculiar character of the ancient Republics; but we will notice only one distinguishing feature. Probably among no people has there been such a general diffusion of knowledge. We do not say that they were the most learned; but that the learning which they had, became common property, as it were. No man was learned for himself only. Whatever he had attained by dint of labor and study, was used for the public good. The most learned men lived among the people. There was a community of feeling and of interests which prompted each to consult

the other's weal. Nothing, therefore, but liberty, restrained only by public sentiment, could satisfy their desires.

By what authority, now, shall we say that one of these forms of government is natural, and the other unnatural? that one is a mere ephemeron, while the other is as lasting as society itself?

We can only say, that both are natural and legitimate; but are adapted to different conditions of society. Both are legitimate, because they are acceptable to the people; they meet the wants of the people; and they may be founded upon intelligence, justice, and truth.

The reason why monarchy embraces more subjects now, is not because it is a peculiarly natural form of government, but because *that* condition of society, for which it is especially fitted, happens to be more extensive and numerous. Formerly, the Patriarchal form was more extensive than the Royal. Now, the Royal exceeds the Popular. But there is no argument here for the superiority of the former over the latter. As well might we say, that it is more natural for the *Nile* to flow northward than for the Mississippi to flow in a contrary direction! Or that it is more natural for man to have a little knowledge than a great deal; and at the same time to say, that a little (for a little is indispensable for a monarchy) is more natural than none at all!

The arguments from analogy are equally futile. Because the Creator is the Supreme Monarch of the Universe, we see no reason why men should adopt a similar form of government, in preference to any other. In that case they must invest one man with absolute, unrestricted power; or they must consider the Creator as unable to govern without a Parliament, a House of Commons, &c.

Monarchy is often represented, also, as a huge pyramid, resting upon its broad base, and is considered as the most stable of all governments, because the pyramidal form of a body is its most stable one. This would be a very good comparison, were it true. But in order to make it hold, the position must be reversed. In Royalism, as well as Popular Liberty, the government is the foundation of the nation. In Monarchy, therefore, the king is the Apex, and upon his shoulders rests the ponderous load of national interest—the heavy weight of an upturned pyramid! And were it not for the nobility, who stand like props against the sloping sides, the least agitation would disturb the equilibrium, and cause the immediate subversion of the mighty fabric! But in popular forms of government we find no such liabilities to instability. The spaces formerly occupied by the nobility only, are now filled out by the people, and the pyramid is transformed into a full, round cylinder.

C. B.

There is, then, no reason in the nature of things, why popular Liberty should meet with a premature decline and fall. The past history of Republics is, we know, dark and gloomy—a sad *retrospect* for theorizers on human liberty! But, alas! for human hopes—for those inward burnings of the soul after future good—if we and all coming generations are only to live the past over again, if the past is ever to remain a living present! Nay, true principles are discovered by the inefficiency of false ones, and when discovered and well established, they become permanent. The true system of the heavenly bodies, as revealed by the inductions of modern science, has already superseded the Tychonic and Ptolemaic. We know that popular liberty is a principle, deep-seated in the hearts of freemen. It is believed to be a true one, and of its perpetuity we have no doubt.

Our Republic may break in two by the accumulated weight of its extremities, or it may crumble, like the tall column of Granite, beneath its own weight; but if so, it will leave most magnificent ruins! And unlike the ruins of Babylon, Nineveh, and Palmyra, they will furnish materials for building another Temple, all whose walls and foundations—whose turrets and spires, whose pillars and arches, shall be dedicated, as a perpetual offering, to Popular Liberty and Independence. C. B.

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### The Instability of Our Government.

In these modern times, no nation occupies as prominent a position in the affairs of the world, as the United States of America. It is a matter of little consequence to us, in what way we have obtained such glory. The great question is, how long are we to hold this position. In endeavoring to pry into the mysteries of the future, we naturally review the events of the past. And in order to arrive at a probable conclusion, we argue from known results, and from analogy. We shall pursue this course in endeavoring to show the instability of our government. Accordingly as we revert to the past history of our country, we are struck with the peculiar circumstances which gave rise to this republic, afterwards with the suddenness of its growth, and the almost incalculable prosperity with which it has been blessed. History affords no example of a nation so powerful, and so prosperous, having sprung from a birth so obscure

and so inauspicious. Not a single century and a half had elapsed after the landing of our fathers in 1620, before we see a powerful nation peopling this wide and extended country. Industry, enterprise, and a spirit of liberty characterized them above all other nations. Not two centuries had elapsed, before we see the American republic established upon a basis more permanent than the basis of any ancient or mediæval palace, containing not the thrones of monarchs, the wealth of empire, or the pomp of display, but grounded upon the natural principles of man, when free to think, and free to act. From that time to this, our destiny has been but one continued increase in wealth, in power, in honor, in influence. Our rapid progress in art, and science, in invention, in national policy, is beyond comparison. When we behold, from the present height of eminence which we have attained as a nation, the powerful influence we exert upon other nations, the potent sway we hold upon the ocean, and the respect everywhere paid to American character, and to American institutions, we are proud of the name we bear as Americans, and feel blessed in the position we occupy as citizens of this great republic. But is this all, and the whole truth? Nay, 'tis but the fair exterior,—the outward appearance. This external display is like the marble slab that covers the tomb. All is fair and pure without, but all is rottenness within.

It doubtless may appear presumptuous to speak against a fabric reared up by the wisdom of ancestors, and sustained at the present time by such men as our national galaxy presents. But things are not always what they seem. Men do not always act as they think. They are guided to some extent by prejudice, by evil passions, and a misguided ambition. The politicians of old-established governments cling to those forms with the tenacity of life. The subjects of Republican and monarchical Governments have been born and bred to the habits and customs of their fathers, and inured to the principles of their inherited governments. It would require ages almost for the reformer to work any change upon their minds. Who would undertake the task to persuade the English nation, that their's was not the most politic, and the most liberal form of government in the world? They have a right to persist in this opinion of their government, where its durability, its prosperity, and its power seem so fully to convince them. To us there are palpable defects in their form. Changes might be made, that would place merit in a more worthy position, and establish freedom upon a more liberal basis. Yet to them the House of Parliament, and a crowned head, embody the highest policy of a nation. The ignoble are contented with their vassalage while permitted to bask in the refulgent splendor of their superiors. And their superiors, through pride of honor, and motives of

self-interest, seek no change in old established forms. The reformer meets with no encouragement among them. Conservatism rules the day. And of all nations, it can more truly be said of England than of any other, that "the genius of an aristocratic commonwealth is hostile to any change."

With these constituents of permanency, viz: contentment, and strict conservatism, also with a power second to none, what can affect the durability of England. We boast the right of superiority. England makes no pretences beyond what she really is. She professes to be a monarchy, and as such she has a national influence, that is felt throughout the world. Seemingly disinterested in the affairs of nations, she holds a position, that bids defiance to any insult or assault. This national superiority is founded upon her permanency at home. But our pretensions to such a claim rests more in our external relations, than in our stability at home. Our embassies to the nations, and our proclamations of free institutions, of the blessings of liberty, and of republicanism, have a great effect upon the world. We feel assured that our condition is better than that of other nations, and rest contented in the consciousness of the blessings we enjoy. Our only fear is that these blessings are not permanent. And with reason do we fear this. Our country has been threatened with disunion from internal disturbances, and our national constitution with demolition. Does this presage bright omens for the future, or dark hopes for our nation's welfare? The causes for such fear speak for themselves, and those causes are not yet removed. What are they? We have become sectional in our views, and our people have been divided up into factions. Party cliques throng our land as numerous as our population; all having different interests, and all demanding merited justice from our national tribunal. It is not in the power of any tribunal to subserve so many conflicting interests, yet any refusal exasperates their supporters, and makes them more zealous in their demands, while each is striking a blow at our national freedom, and detracting from his own individual happiness.

Aside from sectional jealousies and party cliques, there are other causes, which tend to disturb our peace and our stability. Misplaced confidence, unworthy ambition, and an unjust rivalry have ranked as foul crimes in our history. Our citizens have been corrupted by bribes. The rash resolves of the multitude have been carried into effect. The schemes of the designing have been detected, and laid open to censure. But it is a lamentable fact in the history of our country that such evils as these have been censured only by a strife to outdo the evil-doers. And again, with all the loyalty of the American people it is hard to find one even

among our prominent men, who will not place self-interest, self-promotion, before national welfare. When such a state of things exists among us, can we hope long for social peace, quietude, and contentment? When such is the case not only in regard to our social relations, but also in our political affairs, can we hope longer for the Union and prosperity of our government? Every efficient cause has its known effects. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the effects of party-spirit, of sectional jealousies, and political feuds. Their results are too well known to be civil discord. But it will be well to note the fact, that history, the book of all experience, records civil discord as the bane of any nation. Its inevitable effects are civil war. We might with one unanimous voice exclaim, God forbid that *that day* should ever come upon us! But the probabilities are against us. We have not yet to learn the lesson, that truths are truths, and facts are stubborn things. It is not impossible to conceive the time when the pillars of this government shall be torn down, and its vestments rent asunder by the hands that have so nobly reared, and so nobly sustained it. The interests of our country are too diversified to hinge upon the point of union. The untrammelled pride of our citizens will not permit them to retract their honor, and to submit to the vile usurpation of their own fellow-countrymen. Though blessed with the freedom of body, they will die in a struggle for freedom of mind, before they will submit. They would see this their happy country devastated with ruin and bloodshed; their wives and their children torn from their embraces; they would willingly see their liberties usurped by others, before they would suffer those of the same birth and inheritance to tyrannize over them.

In summing up the evils of this government, and pointing out their evil tendencies, France affords a striking example for our benefit. Among the many evils which the French revolution inflicted on mankind, none can be recounted more deplorable than the injury done to rational freedom. For long years had France been under the sway of monarchy, but the time had come when a spirit of liberty had seized the hearts of the people. Regeneration and reform were the sole criterions by which they judged a man's virtues. This headlong spirit in conjunction with the characteristic temerity of the French brought them into a truly lamentable condition. They desired to be free, and they knew not how to accomplish this object. Confused in their designs, and baffled in every attempt, soon, in the language of one of their distinguished writers, "the tide of popular favor, which run at one time with a dangerous and headlong violence to the side of innovation and political experiment, has now set, perhaps too strongly, in an opposite direction." This is evident from

the present position of France. After having twice elected Louis Napoleon president of her dominions, with a vote almost unanimous, she declares him Emperor for life. And with cries of "vive l'Empereur" she enthrones him under the name of Napoleon III, places a crown worth twenty-three millions of dollars upon his head, and says, as for other nations,—they may boast the sweets of liberty—they may live as they choose, but as for us we will live as we have lived, prosper as in days gone by, and for the future hope for no change. Let all liberty-loving, candid Americans say then, if the history of the French Government argues for the cause of liberty, or betokens in the least degree its permanency anywhere. But some may say that the real points in the French history, that affected the destiny of liberty in that country have not yet been reached. Not to enter into details, the whole secret may be summed up in this, that the French people have preferred monarchy to republicanism, that they have chosen a monarch to rule over them, and fully convinced by trial that monarchy is the best, and the most durable form of government, they are contented to live in the enjoyment of the blessings it bestows.—Rome presents another example in favor of the position we have assumed. Although affording ample opportunity, yet the history of Rome is too well known to demand extensive inquiry. Whatever its relations are to this government, they are at once suggested to the mind. What the bearings of its history are upon our subject, we shall endeavor to show from inferences. The decline of the Roman empire has been attributed to various causes. The principal of which, however, are as follows:—After the establishment of the republican form of government, the first cause of disturbance in their political peace, was the dissatisfaction of the plebeians on account of the unequal distribution of conquests. From this dissatisfaction, and other similar causes, arose the tribunitial power, which afterwards created so much dissention. As the Romans increased in power, they naturally grasped for more territory. This, history truly relates, was the chief cause of their decline. With their wealth they imported the manners, the luxuries, and the vices of the nations they subdued. Through consciousness of power they became reckless of their destiny, and in the end abandoned themselves to arrogance and profligacy. Now what is the similarity between our nation and the ancient Romans. It is true we have no tribunitial power as they had, but as regards the unequal distribution of conquest, or of public reverence, the same difficulty exists with us, and is likely to continue. The acquisition of new territory has always been a bone of contention among us, and the appropriation of public funds for internal improvement, has created no less excitement, and disaffection.—The



proposed annexation of Cuba has already exasperated the abolitionists of the North, and excited the interest of Louisiana and Texas on the sugar speculation, for such an annexation would certainly destroy their interests, and render worthless their property. Involved in a foreign war as the annexation of Cuba must certainly be, our country would present a rare spectacle of an army in such an event. There would be abolitionists, and slave dealers, and sugar dealers, and sugar planters all arrayed, each against the other, and all against a common enemy. Inevitable defeat and disgrace could not fail to be the result of such a state of affairs.

Again according to high authority, "the history of all nations evinces that there is an inseparable connection between the morals of a people, and their political prosperity." We have no stranger demonstration of this truth than in the annals of the Roman commonwealth. Admitting then the truth of the assertion, let us briefly examine the state of morals in our republic. It is painful indeed to dwell upon one's own evil doings. Far more pleasant would it be to speak of the good that is in us. But however poignant the reflection, and however sad the thought, nevertheless there are evils among us, which it is nothing more than just to recount. Like the Romans, in the acquisition of California we have imported wealth and luxury among us, increased the number of our crimes, added debauchery to debauch, and laid open channels of wickedness and sin, sufficient to drain this whole nation of all its virtue and its morality. Midnight revelings, nightly brawls, and murders proceeding from intoxication, haunt us from every street. Led on by ungovernable passion we have destroyed the most sacred bond of marriage, and wherever we turn our gaze, our eyes rest upon some loathsome evil. The blight of sin has swept over us, and instead of blotting us out, ere this, from the face of the earth, it has left us to sink yet deeper in the depths of crime, and load us with more guilt than a nation can bear. Let others spend vain efforts upon the unmerited greatness of America, and dwell with patriotic emotion upon her virtue and her valor, her power and her influence, but alas! we fear 'tis but the empty vision of a dream—the fond anticipation of hope—the baseless fabric of chimerical ideas. In our flights of fancy it is pleasant to address the glorious ship of state, bearing our national colors, with the eagle watching over its destiny. But methinks our republic is destined to be borne down the stream of time in no proud ship Ericsson, unruffled by the gale, and unmasked by the waste of time. We think rather that it is destined to decline and to decay like the short life of man; and here on our own native soil will be interred, where "the whistling of the tameless winds—the roar of the murmuring water—the chirp of the wild bird—and all of what speaks of liberty may chant our eternal lullaby."

L. M. L.

## Napoleon.

*"I would I had died the day I entered Moscow."*—NAPOLEON.

Yes! there, amid the cannon's roar,  
In victory, pomp, and pow'r,  
Thy race on earth had well been o'er,  
Were that thy dying hour:  
Thou hadst not fallen from on high,  
To lowly live, and darkly die!

Yes! yes! that phoenix spirit there  
Had soar'd on wings of fire,  
Amid the Kingly Kremlin's glare,  
With Moscow for thy pire,  
And hecatombs around thee slain:  
To live were death—to die were gain.

Once more the eagle rose—in vain,  
In vain, it flutt'ring flew,  
To fall on Leipsic's bloody plain,—  
On fatal Waterloo.  
Oh! better hadst thou found a grave  
Beneath the Beresina's wave!

More fit for thee than stone or sod,  
That sepulchre of strife;  
To be a second "scourge of God,"  
In death, as in thy life:  
Busantium's, Beresina's flood  
Had like libations—*tears and blood.*

In Borodino's glorious strife,  
Why wast thou doom'd to live!  
Why did not Stappes' assassin knife  
Its death, its glory give!  
Far better were Alp Anslan's doom  
Than thine beneath thy living tomt.

But no! A darker destiny,  
A fouler fall was thine:  
To bend in vain thy suppliant knee,  
And rise from glory's shrine,  
The petty monarch of a mound,—  
An outlaw,—Conquered,—Captive,—bound.

BEN. H.

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

At the last regular election in Linonia and the Brothers, the following officers were chosen:

LINONIA.	BROTHERS.
<i>Presidents.</i>	
A. W. Bishop.	E. L. Clarke.
<i>Vice Presidents.</i>	
C. T. Lewis.	J. C. Douglass.
<i>Secretaries.</i>	
G. W. Reiley.	A. Meloy.
<i>Vice-Secretaries.</i>	
H. R. Slack.	W. Wheeler.

### PRIZES.

Prizes awarded to the Sophomore Class, for English Composition, second term.

	1st. Division.	2d. Division.	3d. Division.
1st Prize,	W. H. L. Barnes.	J. H. Pratt.	L. H. Tucker.
2d Prize,	W. M. Grosvenor.	{ P. J. Edwards.	{ C. G. Child.
		{ W. T. Wilson.	{ W. C. Wyman.
3d Prize,	{ H. A. Yardley.	{ H. L. Howard.	{ C. M. Tyler.
	{ A. McD. Lyon.	{ C. R. Palmer.	{ P. H. Woodward.

### PRIZES IN THE BROTHERS.

The debates in the several Classes took place at the following times, and the Prizes were awarded by the Umpires to the following persons:

*Sophomore Class, 16th of February.*

The Umpires—President Woolsey, Mayor Skinner, and Dr. Fitch.

*Prize—S. T. Woodward.*

*Junior Class, 19th of February.*

Umpires—Mayor Skinner, Professors Dutton and Dana.

*Prize—S. C. Gale.*

*Freshman Class, 2d of March.*

Umpires—President Woolsey, Mayor Skinner, and Professor Dutton.

1st Prize—C. Northrop.

2d Prize—L. L. Payne.

3d Prize—G. B. Bacon.

*Senior Class, 9th of March.*

Umpires—President Woolsey, Professor Silliman, Sr., and Professor Dutton.

*Prize—E. O. Billings.*

## PRIZES IN LINONIA.

The Bishop Prize Debate took place on March 16th. The Sophomore competed with the Freshman Class for the several prizes, except the first prize—awarded to a member of the last named Class. This did not occasion any division of the discussion. Hon. R. S. Baldwin, Professor Olmsted, and Hon. A. Blackman, officiated as judges.

The award was as follows:

1st Prize, A. McD. Lyon, of Sophomore Class.

1st Prize, P. W. Calkins, of Freshman Class.

2d Prize, L. B. Woolfolk, of Freshman Class.

3d Prize, A. D. Hughes, of Sophomore Class.

## COMPLETE LIST OF THE EDITORS OF THE LIT.

To Editors of *Yale Lit. Magazine*:

GENTLEMEN:—I would suggest as an appropriate subject for the *Memorabilia Yalensia* of your "Maga," a complete list of the Editors from the first issue to the present time. By doing this at an early day you will oblige  
ONE READER.

YALE COLLEGE, March 1st.

The first number of the *Yale Literary* was issued in February, 1836.

*Editors for '36 and '37.*

E. O. CARTER,	Worcester, Mass.
F. A. COE,	New Haven,
W. M. EVARTS,	Boston, Mass.
C. S. LYMAN,	Manchester,
W. S. SCARBOROUGH,	Brooklyn.

*Editors for '38.*

C. I. LYNDE,	Homer, N. Y.,
C. RICE,	Boston, Mass.,
T. G. TALCOTT,	New York City,
J. P. THOMPSON,	Philadelphia, Pa.,
J. B. VARNUM,	Washington, D. C.

*Editors for '39.*

C. HAMMOND,	Union,
R. D. HUBBARD,	East Hartford,
H. R. JACKSON,	Athens, Ga.,
I. P. LANGWORTHY,	North Stonington,
J. D. SHERWOOD,	Fishkill, N. Y.

*Editors for '40.*

J. S. BABCOCK,	Coventry,
H. BOOTH,	Roxbury,
G. H. HOLLISTER,	Washington,
J. G. HOYT,	Dunbarton, N. H.,
G. RICHARDS,	New London.

*Editors for '41.*

J. EMERSON,	Andover, Mass.,
E. P. GAINES,	Memphis, Tenn.,
D. G. MITCHELL,	Norwich,
G. B. SCHOTT,	Philadelphia, Pa.,
T. C. YARNALL,	Philadelphia, Pa.

*Editors for '42.*

E. L. BALDWIN,	New Haven,
W. P. GREASY,	Charleston, S. C.,
A. MATTHEWS,	Westchester Co., N. Y.,
S. B. MUFORD,	Menton, Pa.,
R. W. WRIGHT,	Montgomery, Ala.

*Editors for '43.*

R. AIKMAN,	New York City,
D. W. HAVENS,	Norwich,
J. A. LENT,	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,
F. MUNSON,	Bethlehem,
E. W. ROBBINS,	Berlin.

*Editors for '44.*

I. ATWATER,	Homer, N. Y.,
J. W. DULLES,	Philadelphia, Pa.,
O. S. FERRY,	Bethel,
W. SMITH,	Manlius, N. Y.,
J. WHITE,	Randolph, Mass.

*Editors for '45.*

W. BINNEY,	Philadelphia, Pa.,
G. B. DAY,	Colchester,
J. W. HARDING,	East Medway, Mass.,
G. C. HILL,	Norwich,
T. KENNEDY,	Baltimore, Md.

*Editors for '46.*

J. H. BRISBIN,	Schuylersville, N. Y.,
W. B. CAPRON,	Uxbridge, Mass.,
H. B. HARRISON,	New Haven,
D. HAWLEY,	Arlington, Vt.,
W. R. NEVINS,	New York City.

*Editors for '47.*

B. G. BROWN,	Frankfort, Ky.,
W. S. MCKEE,	St. Louis, Mo.,
J. MUNN,	Monson, Mass.,
D. T. NOYES,	Boston, Mass.

*Editors for '48.*

F. R. ABBE,	Boston, Mass.
W. AITCHISON,	Saxonville, Mass.,

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T. H. PORTER,	Waterbury,
G. B. WILCOX,	Norwich,
B. D. YOUNG,	Huntsville, Ala.

*Editors for '49.*

C. G. CAME,	Buxton, Me.,
J. CAMPBELL,	Mobile, Ala.,
F. M. FINCH,	Ithaca, N. Y.,
E. D. MORRIS,	Utica, N. Y.,
C. B. WARING,	New Haven.

*Editors for '50.*

E. W. BENTLEY,	Harwinton,
W. R. BLISS,	Boston, Mass.,
W. S. COLTON,	Lockport, N. Y.,
E. H. ROBERTS,	Utica, N. Y.,
O. L. WOODFORD,	West Avon.

*Editors for '51.*

A. H. CARRIER,	Bridgeport,
E. W. EVANS,	Le Raysville, Pa.,
B. F. MARTIN,	Lancaster Co., Pa.,
S. McCALL,	Lebanon,
J. W. NOBLE,	Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Editors for '52.*

A. BIGELOW,	Buffalo, N. Y.,
C. M. BLISS,	Hartford,
W. W. CRAPO,	New Bedford, Mass.,
D. O. GILMAN,	New York City,
H. B. SPRAGUE,	East Douglass, Mass.

*Editors for '53.*

A. GROUT,	Sherburne, Mass.,
G. A. JOHNSON,	Salisbury, Md.,
C. T. LEWIS,	Westchester, Pa.,
B. K. PHELPS,	Groton, Mass.,
A. D. WHITE,	Syracuse, N. Y.

*Editors for '54.*

W. C. FLAGG,	Paddock's Grove, Ill.,
J. W. HOOKER,	New Haven,
W. S. MAPLES,	Selma, Ala.,
L. S. POTWINE,	East Windsor,
C. T. PURNELL,	Port Gibson, Miss.

## THE SHAWMUT BOAT CLUB.

The Shawmut Boat Club of the Class of 1853, at its dissolution, presented a handsome Gold Pencil to Richard Waite, their Captain for three years. The following inscription is engraved upon it:

The Shawmut Boat Club  
of 1853,  
To their Captain, Richard Waite.

#### DEATH OF PROFESSOR STANLEY.

Died, in East Hartford, on Wednesday evening, March 16th, ANTHONY DUMOND STANLEY, Professor of Mathematics in Yale College.

He was born in East Hartford, on 2d of April, 1810. He fitted for College at the Hartford Grammar School, entered Yale in 1826, and graduated in 1830. During his collegiate course, he was preëminent in a class of seventy for his skill in working out the most difficult mathematical problems. After leaving College, he was for two years one of the instructors in the Hartford Grammar School. He was elected Tutor in Yale College in 1832, and continued in that office till 1836, when he was elected Professor of Mathematics. Before entering on his new duties, he spent two years in Europe, particularly with the view of acquainting himself more thoroughly with his department. From 1838 to 1849, he lived the uneventful life of a faithful teacher and a diligent student. During this period he published an introductory treatise on Spherical Trigonometry, several articles in the American Journal of Science, and a set of Mathematical Tables.

In making the proposed revision of his Algebra, President Day engaged the services of Professor Stanley. The chapter on Simple Equations, and the sections on the theory and resolution of equations, are from his pen. He would have given greater aid in the revision had not his health rendered it necessary for him to spend some time abroad.

In the preparation of his Mathematical Tables, his labor was incalculable, and he succeeded in giving to the American computer a more perfect set than any similar work printed in France, Germany, or England. After six years' use, two errors only have been detected.

In the fall of 1849, he took a severe cold, which settled into a lung fever, and left him with a bronchial weakness, from which he never recovered. He sought relief by visiting Italy and Egypt, and many localities in Syria and Asia Minor. He returned to New Haven in 1851, and soon after resumed his College duties. But at the close of the term it was painfully evident to his colleagues that he must leave his class room, and probably forever. He returned to the home of his childhood, where his parents did for him everything which a sleepless and untiring love could suggest. But his bodily strength gradually wasted away until the lamp of life went out, its oil completely exhausted. He died in the faith and the peaceful hope of the Gospel.

Professor Stanley was remarkable for a sensitiveness of character, which shrunk from all display. He surrendered himself in the still air of delightful study, to the investigation of abstract truths. The only out of door recreation, in which he indulged, was the planting and cultivating of the choicest fruit trees.

His funeral services were attended by President Woolsey and the Professors of Yale College. Standing by his corpse in the presence of sorrowing friends, President Woolsey bore feeling testimony to the unblemished moral purity of his whole life, his intellectual gifts and attainments, and the high and tender estimation in which his services as a College officer were held by his colleagues.

Thus Yale mourns for her sons. Kingsley, and Norton, and Stanley, have gone.

### Editor's Table.

HUMAN hopes are vain. We had been thinking that the number of the Magazine last issued would finish our editorial duties. But to our surprise, the "Punning Editor" informed us, that we must edit the present number. We told him that our hands were full. We placed before him the many felicitations we had indulged, in prospect of editorial ease. He was hard-hearted. He would hear nothing. But, reader, we must tell the whole truth. The "Punning Editor" was not in the best of health. Lest, however, you have solicitude on this account, we may add that he has convalesced.

This is one reason for our tardy appearance in print.

We will give you another. The "Facetious Editor" issues the next number. His absence rendered it necessary for him to postpone his editorial labors till next term. There was no need of hurrying, therefore, on our part. We had a plenty of other business. We knew, reader, that you were similarly situated. The "Facetious" will issue his number early next term. The Editors elect of the Junior class will then commence their official relations.

We concluded in our last, that we would perpetrate no puns during the time of our seat at the Editor's Table. We intend keeping that promise inviolate. This may have induced some of our correspondents to compassionate our manifest destiny. They have sent in contributions of this character without number. Here is one at our elbow from C. He is equal to "Icabod Academicus"! His hero is John Hermer, living in the furthest down-east corner of Maine.

#### "FULL MANY A GLASS."

Full many a glass had Johnny mixed;  
And none could doubt that he,  
Who mixed the *grog* so well all day,  
Should have a *gill-a-tea*.

John did not let his business go,  
Like many a reckless rover,  
Who *oversees* but half his work,  
Because he's *half-seas-over*.

John's tap-room floor was clean and neat,  
Except that some *segar-stains*  
Perchance were made by those that came  
To help him in his *bar-gains*.

No thirsty creditor had he;  
The liquor kept them wet;  
At early *date* the liquor served  
To *liquidate* the debt.



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY

*The Students of Yale College.*

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THE EIGHTEENTH VOLUME of this Magazine commences with October, 1852. Three Numbers are published during every Term, and nine Numbers complete an Annual Volume.

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